

COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME III.

COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

NUMBER 2½

Seeds, Groceries, &c.

I have in Stock a large and varied assortment of
Field and Garden Seeds,

Which were bought at very close prices. All in want of reliable
Seeds are invited to call and inspect stock and compare prices.

Agricultural Implements of all kinds.

AGENT FOR THE

Arlington Seed Drill,

Admitted by leading market gardeners to be without an equal, as
it sows all the different varieties of vegetable seeds with a certainty
and rapidity impossible for any other Drill to do.

Bowker's Hill & Drill Phosphate

Selected Teas, Pure Coffee and Spices.

CANNED GOODS in Large Variety.

WHOLE, CRACKED and FINE OAT MEAL, GRANULATED
MEAL, RYE MEAL, HECKER'S SELF RAISING
BUCKWHEAT, BUCKWHEAT MEAL, AR-
LINGTON WHEAT MEAL, PEARL,
SAMP and HOMINY.

Butter and Cheese

from best Vermont dairies. Choice grades of

MOLASSES, SYRUP and MAPLE SYRUP.

Best Grades of Flour.

Babbitt's, Am. Family, Mineral, Frank Siddall's and 5c.

SOAPS.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Grain, Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, &c.,

Constantly on hand.

C. H. NORTHEY, Greenbush.

All goods delivered promptly, free of expense.

Spring Announcement!

FERTILIZERS.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

Bradley's, Darling's, Standard & Pacific Guano

500 Bushels of Choice Holton

Early Rose Potatoes

From Aroostic County, Me., for

PLANTING PURPOSES.

Also, the Largest Stock of

Grass, Field and Garden Seeds

ever offered before in town.

We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated

OLIVER CHILLED and CASADAY SULKY PLOW.

We Carry Constantly a full line of

FORKS, SCYTHES, STONES,
HOES, RAKES, RIFLES,
RAKES, SHOVELS, GRASS HOOKS,
SHOVELS, SPADES, AXES,
SAW HORSES, MATTOCKS, PICKS,
CURRY COMBS, STABLE BROOMS,
BRUSHES, ETC., ETC., ETC.,
HATCHETS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Hay Cutters, Churns,
Root Cutters, Grindstones,
Corn Shellers, Cucumber Wood Pumps,
Plows, Harrows,
Cultivators, Rollers,
Horse Hoes, Wheeharrows,

And, in fact, everything that is sold by a well regulated Agricultural
Warehouse.

E. P. WELCH & SON,
SCITUATE.

TOWER, BRO. & CO.,

COHASSET.

Have constantly on hand, and for sale

the most desirable grades of
Range and Furnace Coal

At reasonable prices. Also dealers in

LONG AND SHORT

LUMBER,

Bricks, Cement, Lime,

Window Glass and Putty,

Builders' Hardware,

Painters' Supplies, Etc.

Office and Wharves on Border Street

5-1/2

Stockbridge Manures,

I have a

Carload

of

Bowker's Hill & Drill
PHOSPHATE

With Potash, which is empassaged as a general

Fertilizer for all Crops and

all Soils.

It is the best, the cheapest, and the most re-
liable.

I also have the celebrated

Stockbridge Manures,

Especially for Potash, fine Top-
Dressing, Bedding Down, Etc. They are the

Richest Fertilizers.

In Plant Food on the market, containing just

the kind and amount of plant food required

for each crop. Also

Bowker's Dissolved Bone

A very permanent, effective Chemical, and

moderate in price. Also Chemicals, Etc.,

at the lowest prices. We will make you

LOWER PRICES

Than ever before known. Don't fail to call on me.

Sam'l Nichols, Agt.

COHASSET

5-1/2 m

Z. RICH,

FUNERAL and FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER,

Elm St. COHASSET.

Would particularly inform the public, that, having made arrangements with one of the largest wholesale houses in New England, he is prepared to furnish all kinds of Undertaking, and all articles pertaining to the business, of the highest quality and at the lowest possible prices. Also, we have for the convenience of his customers

one of the

biggest

undertaking

houses

in the State.

Mr. J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Secretary

Cor. Elm and Brook Streets.

A large assortment Toilet and Fancy Articles

Perfumery, &c., constantly on hand.

My store will be open Saturday from 9 till 12

A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M. for the sale of

Medicines, Oils, &c. Postively at no other hours.

COHASSET

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

of COHASSET, MASS.

MARTIN LINCOLN, President.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Secretary.

This Company insures on Dwelling houses

and their contents, Barns, and various Buildings

and their contents. If you wish to insure

any property, call on our agent, Mr. L. H. T. Powers, of

W. H. Powers, Esq., Beechwood.

Collected, Jan. 8, 1884.

Gross & Nichols,
COHASSET, MASS.

Have constantly on hand and for sale

Corn, Meal, Oats, Crack-

ed Corn, Mill Feed,

Hay and Straw,

Beef Scraps,

Gr. Oyster Shells,

Barley, Wheat, Buck-

wheat, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

44-50

COHASSET

COHASSET SAVINGS BANK.

The regular quarterly meeting of

the trustees of the Cohasset Savings

Bank, was held at the office of the

institution last Tuesday afternoon at

which the following preamble and reso-

lutions were adopted and a vote

passed that the same be sent to the

COHASSET COTTAGER for publication.

Cohasset Cottager,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT COHASSET, MASS.

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price \$2 per year.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

H. T. P. BATES, Editor.

N. BATES, Agent.

Societies.

DRIVEN ASHORE.

During the severe gale of last Sunday, at about 12 o'clock the schooner Australis, Capt. Thompson, of Rockport, Me., with a cargo of lime from that port for Boston, ran ashore on the easterly banks of Briggs' Harbor, Capt. Thompson states that he encountered the storm Sunday when off the Isle of Shoals. Shortly after the foremast and jib were blown away and the vessel, then at the mercy of the gale was blown and drifted about until noon. When seen nearing the shore it did not seem possible that the vessel could pass between the numerous rocks and ledges at the entrance of the harbor without being stranded upon one of them. Mr. William Brennock, who first saw the vessel approaching, at once collected a crew, and manning the new life boat which has recently been stationed at Government Island, started to the assistance of those on board, but did not reach the craft until the greatest danger was over, as by almost a miracle. It seems that he passed safely inside of all the ledges. In passing over White Head bar an attempt was made to drop an anchor but the chain was checked so soon, it parted, and the anchor was lost. During the constant wash, which was sweeping over the deck, part of the deck load, which consisted of 118 barrels of lime, caught fire and, it became necessary to throw overboard about 100 barrels in order to save the rest. Later the cargo in the hold caught fire and the hatchets were immediately plastered down in order to smother the fire if possible. As the fire can be extinguished the vessel can undoubtedly be got off by removing part of the cargo, without much damage as she is perfectly tight and buoyant.

Now the vessel is adrift and

is being towed to Boston by a tug.

Resulted. That the above preamble and resolution be recorded by the Secretary of the institution last Tuesday evening at the meeting of the Board of Directors.

Resolved. That the above preamble and resolution be recorded by the Secretary of the Board of Directors and a copy be sent to the Board of Directors.

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Special Notices.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be written and necessarily true, and the writer is responsible for its publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our readers, nor for any damage, loss, or expense, or any personal injury of any kind, resulting from the writing or publishing of the same, or from the refusal to accept for the same, or from any criminal proceedings, the same as if he had sold goods to the amount of his balance.

LETTER NOTICE. We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that most of the legal notices, especially those of a personal nature, are published in the *Advertiser* and the refusal to accept for the same, is to be construed as a criminal proceeding, the same as if a paper was published in said town. Order your advertisements inserted in this paper.

THE COAST GUARD.

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like off in a golden sunset,
With a sunburst in the east,
I see—
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear of the roar of the hunting waves
Like the tramp of a mailed host.
And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I bear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand.
Beneath the snow and the frost,
And beneath the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.
No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shows out with a friendly light.
And many a man, fast breaking
The line of a storm-beat coast,
Thanks God with his gasping breaths,
For the sturdy arms of the seamen
That drew him away from death.
And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleek,
I think of the fears at watch,
Facing along the heat.
I think of the men, fast breaking
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And the life-boat keeping onward
To the stroke of the bunting out.
I hear the shout of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the crack of the icy harbors
Strained against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpet,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, in St. Nicholas.

"J."

Dr. Thomas Geoffrey Mayner sat in his office, in one of our great western cities, with a letter before him. "My father's hand," he said, and opened the letter and read:

My Dear Boy—In my last, written from Naples, I informed you that I should soon marry. I have married. You wish to know something of my wife. That is natural. She is an American; was a widow. Her maiden name was Blake. Her maiden name was Folsome—Folstone. You have heard of the Folstones, of Virginia? An old family, and a good one. Foly is very young, and very fair. Has one child, a daughter. Foly has brought me a very solid fortune. Her child is also very comfortable provided for. I met Foly in Berlin; joined her party; travelled with her a month; married her in Florence. We immediately sailed for home, landed at New York on Friday, and to-day (Sunday) I write this from my wife's country-place. Now, my dear boy, take a holiday, and come see us. Foly says you must. She is very anxious to see you.

"Affectionately, your father,
J. S. MAYNER."

Just as the sun was setting, a week later, he was set down at the gate of my wife's country-place, in full view of the Blue Ridge, in one of the loveliest counties of Virginia.

"Hey! muttered Mr. Geoff, as he awoke. "A finer place than I had expected, even!"

"Fine place!" repeated Geoff, as he rang the bell. "The old gentleman is in luck. Ah! Is my fa—ther?" And Mr. Geoff stood bowing and stammering to the beautiful vision, which had opened the door.

"I'er beg pardon!" stammered Geoff again. "I have just come, and should like to see Mr. Mayner."

"Yes, sir; walk in. I will have him called," answered the richest and sweetest of voices. "In here, if you please. Jane, tell your master there is a gentleman waiting to see him."

"Yes, Miss Foly," said the colored girl, leaving them.

"Miss Foly! Father's wife! What a beautiful creature!" thought the dazed Geoff.

The creature was about to leave him alone.

"I—excuse me—I think you don't know me." And he advanced a step forward.

She paused, and turned on him coldly.

"No, sir; I do not recognize you."

"I am Geoff!" he exclaimed. To his surprise, she made no motion whatever to meet him, but only exclaimed, with a little frightened intonation, and a slight lifting of her eyebrows.

"Sir!"

"I am Geoff!" more desperately.

"Indeed?"

His face flamed vividly. He stammered.

"I mean, madam, I am my father's son. Oh, Lord! to himself, as he saw a faint smile flickering round her lips, at this wise remark.

She drew herself up, and turned as if to go.

"Wait a minute!" he blundered out. "I—I am Geoffrey Mayner."

"Oh! she cried, "that is it; and smiling, she held out her hand. "I am very glad to see you."

Geoff grasped the hand.

"And have you no other welcome for me, mother?" he asked.

"I have fallen in love with you already. Won't you kiss me? Won't you kiss your student-son?"

The hand was quickly withdrawn from his; the eyes swiftly swept his face; the blood suffused hers; and then sank to a chair, and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Pray, pardon me," she said, at last, if I seem rude, Mr. Mayner; but I could not help it. That you should take me for mamma, and call me mother! And she laughed again.

"—what?"

"I am—oh! I am Foly. There is mamma. Mamma, Dr. Mayner has been calling me mother, and—

"Asking her for a kiss, which he didn't get," joined in Geoff, putting a brave face on it, as all shy men do when driven to desperation, and going up to meet his father and Mrs. Mayner, as they came in.

This time he got the kiss; and he consoled himself by philosophizing, that if the daughter had declined to kiss him, he had done the next thing, kissed her mother.

"And so you thought I had married little Foly here!" said his father, joining in the general laugh.

"Little Foly!" cried Geoff, glancing, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, at the tall, stylish girl, and feeling wondrously at home, all at once, with her. "Why, you wrote me that she was a child; and, acting under that impression, I stowed in my trunk sundry packages of bonbons and toys, for this little sister of mine, whom I expected to sit on my knee, pull my mustache, and discuss the pictures with me."

"Oh!" laughed Foly—Foly Blake. "I have not lost my taste for bonbons; and as for the toybooks—"

But Geoff interrupted her.

"Shall we carry out the programme, and discuss the pictures, in the way I have said, a la big brother and little sister?"

"And as the toy-books, we shall find a use for them," she finished, taking no notice of Geoff's question.

And thus Geoff began his holiday in the country.

It is not our intention to follow him during those swift summer days. Oh, ye denizens of city stores and offices, does there never come to you a dream of a soft summer gone; a dream of rest, and freedom, and idleness; a dream that once was not all a dream, but the sweetest, and swiftest, and softest of realities? Perhaps there are some of you whose dream is like Geoff's—a dream not wholly of sunny days and mellow skies, but of the sunny eyes and the mellow tones of a fair fresh woman; long, languid hours, and hours glad, and happy, and songful, that drift away, never to be forgotten, with such a companion. Perhaps you were poor at our Geoff was, and she, the fairest, and purest, and best of women, in your eyes, was an heiress, whom you dared to think of but in secret. Ah! can you not recall how many and many a time, that thought, with its sable wings of shadow, floated over your little Eden in those summer days, and, for the time being, cast you gloom and bitterness? And then, when your leave of absence had expired, and the day had come, and the hour, when you must leave all these things, don't you remember what a leaden hue the world took on, and what a leaden heart was under your vest, as you turned your face, with a sigh, back to the dreary town?

Such were Geoff Mayner's feelings at the end of that fortnight in summer, as he pressed Foly Blake's hand farewell, with that hopeless look, and simple, dreamy "Good-bye!" That was all not a word more. He felt little pain, but looking somewhat that he would have died rather puzzled, yet, ah, so bewitching than say, what he would have said.

"Well, Foly, I don't suppose anybody here cared much to see me. And, perhaps, I did not desire much to come myself."

"You should have staid at home, then," said Foly, with a little pout, but looking somewhat that he would have died rather puzzled, yet, ah, so bewitching than say, what he would have said.

"I am Geoff!" he exclaimed.

To his surprise, she made no motion whatever to meet him, but only exclaimed, with a little frightened intonation, and a slight lifting of her eyebrows.

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He liked so much to say, "May I write to you?" And all the more, because she was his father's step-daughter. For what would the world say? It would call him a fortune-hunter, and no explanation would suffice.

Back, again, to his little dusty office; back to the old life, which had lost its brightness and ease, went Geoff. So the days glided on, the autumn passed, and Christmas came. And with Christmas came an urgent letter from his father and mother, insisting that he should spend the holidays with them. But he looked in vain for a message from Foly. "Had she asked me?" said Geoff, desperately.

"I say, Foly, I met him!" said Foly, her color growing a little deeper.

"Whom?"

"Oh! Mr. Creery? I thought you treated him rather coldly," she said, sententiously.

"Did you? Perhaps I ought to have been more demonstrative, if not for his sake, for some one else. Ah!"

"You are very mysterious. But, come up to the house. Your father is expecting you," and Foly led him overhanging limb. The next instant the hat had fallen at Foly's feet, arousing her abruptly from her reveries.

She sprang from the settee, and look up into the tree, with a frightened expression in the hitherto dreamy eyes. But when she discovered Geoff, her face grew rosy again, and she cried, a little spasmodically, but with a wreath of smiles.

"Oh! Geoff! Is it you? How you frightened me!"

Geoff looked conscience-smitten, but stammered out, with a forced laugh,

"I—er—I was waiting for you to leave. That is—er—Well, I may come down now!"

She nodded her head, and smiled. Geoff slid from the oak, and picked up his hat.

Then there was an embarrassing silence.

"Let's sit down; at last broke out Geoff, desperately.

They sat down.

There was another terribly embarrassing silence.

Foly was still very rosy, and, seemingly, very well contented, though she did look as if she expected Geoff to say something.

"I shall have to return to the city to-morrow," he repeated, stoically.

"The boy is crazy. What has happened?" cried his father and mother, in chorus. But Foly said nothing. She looked up at her, and then at her eyes, surveying him complacently, over the cup from which she was sipping.

"Ichabod is joined to his city idols," remarked that young person, nodding her head sagely; and soon after she went out among the flowers.

This cool indifference almost drove him insane. He was firm, in consequence, to every entreaty of his parents. He would return to-morrow, he said, resolutely.

The truth was, he could no longer endure her indifference to himself.

That afternoon he was wandering about, restless, among the trees in the park. Foly was visiting a neighbor. At last he threw himself upon a rustic settle which stood under one of the trees. Presently the gate, near Foly for some months. She has never said anything on the subject to me or your mother, but I am pretty sure she will have him; and I know John is crazy about her.

Geoff jumped up from his desk.

"I will go!" he exclaimed, with unvoiced emphasis.

"I will see her, and hear her voice! She will never know! No one will ever know! I'll stay just a little while, and then—I'll leave her with her Creery, and—come back."

And so he did. It was in the afternoon, another summer afternoon, that he came in sight of the gables among the trees. But Geoff was not looking at the gables, nor the trees. Was not that a skirt among the shrubbery? A skirt and a woman, with the shining hair and matchless form he knew so well? Ah, Geoff, why do you strain your eyes so eagerly? Why does your breath quicken? Is it possible that you haven't conquered that old weakness? Shall a woman's dress, or figure thus affect you? But stop, look again! There is something else there. Yes! a gentleman is fastening a flower in his button-hole, and bowing very low over the shining hair and well-known form. The wearer comes toward the gate and through it.

Geoff looked down at the note. Then it lay. He could read the direction, written in a bold, plain hand—Miss Foly Blake.

"John Creery, whom you met last summer, has been hanging round Foly for some months. She has never said anything on the subject to me or your mother, but I am pretty sure she will have him; and I know John is crazy about her."

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And so he did. It was in the afternoon, another summer afternoon, that he came in sight of the gables among the trees. But Geoff was not looking at the gables, nor the trees. Was not that a skirt among the shrubbery? A skirt and a woman, with the shining hair and matchless form he knew so well? Ah, Geoff, why do you strain your eyes so eagerly? Why does your breath quicken? Is it possible that you haven't conquered that old weakness? Shall a woman's dress, or figure thus affect you? But stop, look again! There is something else there. Yes! a gentleman is fastening a flower in his button-hole, and bowing very low over the shining hair and well-known form. The wearer comes toward the gate and through it.

Geoff looked down at the note. Then it lay. He could read the direction, written in a bold, plain hand—Miss Foly Blake.

"John Creery, whom you met last summer, has been hanging round Foly for some months. She has never said anything on the subject to me or your mother, but I am pretty sure she will have him; and I know John is crazy about her."

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